



## The Horse.

## PERFORMANCE THE TEST OF PEDIGREE.

In the last issue of the *National Live Stock Journal* a correspondent who signs himself "Observer" has an article under the above heading. It is so much in accordance with the experience and theories of the best breeders of live stock that we give it in full. "Observer" is a great admirer of the trotting horse, a resident of Detroit, and a student in all that pertains to the history of the animal of which he has so long been an admirer. He says:

"Individual merit is the best sign of a good pedigree. However good the pedigree may appear upon paper certificates, we have no certainty, without merit, in sire and dam, that they will transmit superior excellence to their offspring. Take the trotting sire for an example; without the gift of speed he may not be able to transmit to his colts what he does not possess.

On the other hand, the sire that is a fast trotter, with the same pedigree, would be likely to transmit to his colts that which he possessed in superabundance. The sire that has the strong vitality to stamp his impress upon his colts will prove a better stock-getter than one that depends upon ancestral reversion or borrowed capital. Any faculty that lies dormant in the breed is in danger of being lost. Running out of line has a tendency to weaken the generating force of valuable propensities. Performance is the crucible to test the purity of pedigree. It is more valuable than paper certificates of the genealogy of dead ancestors, that never had the prepotent power to entail speed or sturdiness upon their descendants. How can we tell whether the subjects have inherited the good qualities that distinguished their families, except by testing their merits through trial by performance? The majority of the produce fail to inherit the speed or sturdiness of their family, which is strong evidence that they have run out of the best blood of that family. The sire that is gifted with speed, and has the prepotent power to transmit that speed to his colts, wants no better proof of a good and undefined genealogy.

"He has inherited or acquired the mental and physical power to stamp his own impress upon his successors in blood. He has triumphed on the course, and proved successful in the stud, which solves the breeding problem. It is far better than depending upon ancestral reversions, or living upon the borrowed fame of dead ancestors.

"Where the family have been distinguished for their powerful leading characteristics, it may be prudent to breed from individuals of that family that do not possess the same powerful propensities, because they may run under ground. It is not likely that they will be totally lost to procreation as a family trait in one generation. They must deteriorate for several generations before they would entirely run out.

"It may be laid down as a rule that, when the immediate progenitors are without the gift of speed, a majority of their ancestors should be endowed in an eminent degree with speed to give to their kind the prepotent power to regenerate that dormant faculty in their issue.

"Progenitors can only impart to their young what they have inherited or acquired. It is important that they should be trained; not only educated and domesticated as valuable servants, but they should come down from trained ancestors. They would then possess both hereditary and acquired qualities as a heritage to bequeath to their offspring. By their fruits shall ye know their pedigree. Experience is the best teacher. It unfolds the laws of nature, and founds generation upon facts, which is the true philosophy of procreation. The sire has advantages over the mare in increasing in numbers the equine family, if not in improving the breed. He may sire one thousand colts; dams may not average over ten, which would give the sire great advantage over the mare in propagating their species. The best bred animals will generally have the most influence in shaping the character of their produce. If all the progenitors on both sides were fast trotters for seven generations, it would be next to impossible to get anything but trotters from that lineal descent from such a noble race of progenitors.

"Thoroughbreds have invariably produced runners from the effect of long-continued line-breeding.

"The Devon breed of cattle never fail to put on the same peculiar structure, and the same uniform red color that shaded their ancestors two centuries before them. The peacock puts on the rich plumes and most beautiful ornaments of the feathered tribe. The rich plumage of this bird is an ancient heritage that has come down in their genealogy through ancestral revivals from time immemorial. Any breed of the equine race that has been established with fixed characteristics, and moulded in the same type for many generations, would be as sure to reproduce its own like as the hickory nut would be sure to produce the hickory tree, or the acorn the oak. Why should not the same cause produce the same effect in the animal as in the vegetable creation? We engrave improved fruit into the most worthless scrub in the orchard, and it brings forth fruit improved in size, in quality, and increased in market value. Engrafting superior scions upon our horse stock would improve the breed of horses the same as the graft improves the fruit in the vegetable kingdom. It is line-breeding for many generations that has formed breeds and elevated the character of our horses."

The trotting stallion Mambrino Pilot, record 3.97% to saddle, owned by the estate of Chas. G. Helf, died at the Reit Stock Farm, near Morristown, N. J., on the 24th inst. Mambrino Pilot was by Mambrino Chieft, dam Juliet, by Pilot Jr., and at the time of his death was 26 years old. He was the sire of a number of trotters, the following having a record below: Hannie, 3:17%; Mambrino Gift, 2:30%; Manlius, 3:05%; Billy Platter, 3:26; David Wallace, 3:28.

## Horse Gossp.

The English two year old colt The Bard, has never been defeated, winning in 16 races, the stakes in which amounted to \$46,000.

JOHN SPAN, the horseman, says a quart of oatmeal in a pail of water will freshen a horse after hard driving and prepare his stomach for more hard driving.

ENTRIES for the National Horse Show at New York closed on Saturday. A fine exhibition is expected. It opens at Madison Square Garden on November 3rd.

MR. C. B. ALLAIRE, of Peoria, Illinois, has purchased the stallion Buryl Abdallah, formerly owned at Ossos, this State, and sire of Jerome Turner 2:17%. He will next season take the place of Indianapolis, recently dead, at the head of Mr. Allaire's stock farm.

R. B. CONKLIN, the owner of King Wilkes, offers to match him against Pilot Knox for \$1,000 a side, the match to take place within two weeks over the Hartford track; he has also accepted a challenge from Gen. Tracy, and will trot King Wilkes against Mambrino Dudley.

MR. W. DUNHAM, of Illinois, has imported a number of French coach stallions, and will hereafter keep a number of them on sale at his Oaklawn stables in connection with his Percherons. His recent importation of these horses is said to consist of magnificent animals of 16 and 16 1/2 hands, weighing from 1,300 to 1,500 pounds when matured, and of great style.

TEMPEST JR., the sire of Grey Harry, Lincolns, Minn., Palmer, Ollie Bell, Silverleaf and Thomas L., all with racing records of \$3.80 or better, died Sept. 6th. He is also the reputed sire of half a dozen others with fast records. Tempest Jr. was foaled in 1859, sire by Tempest, a Canadian horse, whose pedigree is unauthenticated; said to be by Royal George. The dam of Tempest, Jr. was Kit, by Henry Clay.

A DISPATCH from New York says that Isidore Cohenfeld has accepted the challenge of John Murphy to trot the stallion King Wilkes against any trotting stallion in the world for \$1,000, and names his stallion Maxey Cobb to take part in the race. M. Cohenfeld has deposited with the *Spirit of the Times* \$500 as a forfeit, the event to take place before November 3rd, to come off on a good day and good track, the winner to take the entire gate receipts.

THE famous old race horse Parole will run for the last time on October 27, at Jerome Park, New York. Last Saturday Pierre Lorillard presented the horse to Dr. James O. Green, son of President Green, of the Western Union, and a noted horseman. Parole is 12 years old. He ran as a two year old first at Monmouth Park in 1875. He started in 1882, during his career, and earned for his owner \$82,059 on American and English tracks. Dr. Green will use Parole as a saddle horse. He is a small brown horse, and a son of Imp. Lexington.

Mrs. POLLACK & FISK, of Battle Creek, Calhoun County, showed a fine black stallion at the State Fair, called St. Lawrence, which is a very promising animal, and should get a good class of carriage and general purpose horses. He is now five years old, a deep black in color, standing 16 hands, with a shapely head, finely shod neck, and the style and make up desirable in a carriage horse. The owners of broad mares around Battle Creek should take a look at St. Lawrence.

THE Spirit of the Times stallion cup race, which was trotted at Mystic Park, Boston, on September 30th, brought out five horses, namely, Pilot Knox, King Wilkes, Montgomery, King Almont, and Westmont. Pilot Knox was never headed, and won in three straight heats. The time was 2:19%, 2:30%, 2:20. Besides the cup, Pilot Knox won, as his share of the stakes, \$4,087.50, \$1,423 going to King Wilkes, and \$712.50 to M. Montgomery. This race was open to all stallions with no record better than 2:21 at the time of closing the entries in January last. Montgomery was driven by John Turner, and made a gallant fight for first place in the third heat, the finish being very close between him and Knox, both drivers using the whip freely.

Another thing taught is that it is far easier to criticize and grumble, than to provide, or even suggest, remedies. It is one thing to stonethrow at the burden bearers, and quite another to relieve them of the burden, or offer to aid in carrying it. Officers and directors have work enough to do without being perplexed and worried by chronic fault finders.

Another thing taught is that officers do not make all the mistakes. In the haste and confusion of tardy entries blunders will occur, but if the exhibitors will know just what they want, and then conform exactly to the rules of the Society the mistakes will be few and their consequences slight. A little study before the third heat, the finish being very close between him and Knox, both drivers using the whip freely.

For the Michigan Farmer.

FARM FENCES.

spring tooth smoothing harrow and roller.

Marked out the ground three feet apart each way and July 1st and 2d set the plants. The plants were taken from the seed bed and carried to the shade and trimmed to one leaf and puddled in mud. They were set with trowels made for the purpose, with concave and convex surface. Five men set the plants and ten boys did the trimming and dropping in two days.

It now began to be dry, and for ten days the small plants stood without a drop of rain and but very little dew. After a light rain the field was gone over and reset with Fottler's Brunswick, but it only took 3,000 to reset the field of 50,000. The cultivator was now started, using a Planet Jr., with the horse toe teeth on, going both ways twice in a row with slow horses. The field was afterward cultivated twice each way once in a row, making six times cultivating, going through the last time, August 10th, with a scuffer with the blades running outward under the leaves of the plant, which nearly touched. No hoeing or hand pulling of weeds was done and none was needed, as the field was kept perfectly clean with the cultivator. The cabbage are entirely free from worms, lice or rot, and bid fair at this date (September 21st) to nearly all head. A. W. Tecumseh, Mich., September 21st, 1885.

For the Michigan Farmer.

## SOME THINGS TAUGHT BY THE FAIRS.

One thing—exhibits are smaller than usual in most places. Various reasons and explanations are given, all of which are in past time; but the burden of responsibility rests on the farmers themselves. Indifference is not productive of great results. A county fair is taken to indicate the state of prosperity and progress in the locality where it is held, but in many places this year the fairs must give but a poor promise. But small portion of the animals or articles are shown, and those not always the best. The farmers must make the fair or it will not be made. Everything which tends to raise the reputation of a community is a benefit to each individual in that community. Then let each man begin now to get ready for next year, and let the wife and the daughter bring out the crazy quilts, and the domestic sweets, and the pillow sham, and other shams, and the works of genius and of art, that all departments may be full. The fast horse man may see no beauty in the sheep or the swine, and the wool-grower may turn in holy horror from the race track, or turn up his nose at the crazy quilt, yet each will help to make a compleat show, and each visitor will find something to his or her taste.

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October 13, 1885.

## THE MICHIGAN FARMER

## Horticultural.

## STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

The Annual Fair of 1885.

## PREFATORY NOTE.

The sixth annual fair of the Michigan Horticultural Society was held in conjunction with that of the State Agricultural Society in Kalamazoo, September 14 to 18. The arrangement between the two Societies was the same as for 1884, and proved perfectly satisfactory in every particular.

It will be remembered that the hall devoted to fruits and flowers was too small for the exhibit last year, and several large collections were shown at a good deal of disadvantage to the exhibitors. To obviate this, the business committee of the State Agricultural Society kindly erected an annex to the west end of the hall, arranging for the exhibit of plants, cut flowers and designs, thus giving a finished back ground to the fruit exhibit.

We advertised an abundance of room, but found two days previous to the fair that there would need to be the utmost good nature in the hall during fair week, for there must be a good deal of crowding. A relief came in a proffer of a fine space in Exposition hall, where Mr. Geo. F. Crabb, of Grand Rapids, took his entire exhibit of plants, accomplishing a double result of giving fruit hall more available space, and making a beautiful display to enliven the art department of the main building.

For the first time since the Society secured its present outfit of plates, every one was used. These plates were a great attraction to visitors from abroad, of whom we had a larger number than usual, and samples were taken away by representatives from a number of States.

## DECORATIONS.

The ornamentation of the hall was in the hands of Miss Ida Stearns, of Kalamazoo, whose good taste was displayed to fine advantage in the employment of evergreens, bright berries and delicate flowers, in brightening the inner walls of the building.

## ARRANGEMENT OF EXHIBITS.

The hall of exhibition is rectangular in shape, 40 by 120 feet, with the entrance at the east end. Possibly no better view can be given of the appearance of the exhibit when all in place than to record the main features one could note in passing hastily around the aisle during the days of exhibition. Entering at the east, the right hand corner was occupied by the Secretary and his assistants; then came two large collections of the South Haven and Casco Pomological Society, Mr. A. G. Gulley in charge; the Grand River Valley Horticultural Society occupied the next space, with two entries competing with those of Mr. Gulley. Mr. Elwood Graham of Grand Rapids was in charge of this display. The special exhibits of peaches were placed next, from various sections of the "peach belt."

Mason County Horticultural Society, G. C. McClatchie in charge, occupied the next space with general collection of fruits, and Mr. and Mrs. Chidester of Bellevue, Eaton County, spread a beautiful collection alongside of that of Mason County.

The west end was occupied by collections of plants, flowers, bouquets, window gardens, and flower stands, shown principally by Henry Smith, of Grand Rapids; R. R. Smith, of Kalamazoo; Delos Newton of Cooper; Mrs. Geo. Taylor and Father O'Brien, of Kalamazoo.

Upon low shelves in front of the floral exhibit, were collections of fruit, by George Griffen of South Haven, and Charles H. Smith of South Haven.

Mr. E. P. Flanders, of Galesburg, followed next, with his collection of apples for family and culinary purposes. Then in rapid succession came Charles Harrison's individual exhibit of Kalamazoo County; Oceana County as represented by Mr. W. A. Brown's collection for the West Michigan Fruit-growers' Association, which embodied a wide range of other farm-improvement associations.

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## MICHIGAN FARMER

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE &amp; GIBBONS, Publishers.

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P. B. BROMFIELD,  
Manager of Eastern Office,  
21 Park Row, New York.

## The Michigan Farmer

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1885.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post office as second class matter.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our readers should bear it in mind that our clubbing arrangement with the *Free Press* ends Oct. 20th. After that time the price of the two papers will be \$3 40.

We have decided to reduce the price of the FARMER for 1886, and will send it on the following terms: To those subscribing now we will send the FARMER and Household until the first of January, 1887, for \$1.50. This will make nearly fifteen months' subscription for the price of twelve.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 370,818 bu., against 394,056 bu. the previous week, and 635,553 bu. for the corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 130,700 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 1,449,915 bu., against 1,315,448 last week and 636,635 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of this grain on October 4 was 43,632,813 bu. against 43,071,293 the previous week, and 36,251,097 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. This shows an increase over the amount reported the previous week of 535,530 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending October 3 were 630,631 bu., against 532,983 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 4,983,259 bu. against 15,451,111 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

Wheat has been strong all week from various causes, and a substantial advance in value is noted since our last issue. Not only have American markets ruled high at higher prices, but foreign ones report a like condition of affairs. The peculiar position of the trade is shown by the fact that while the "bears" are all predicting lower values, few of them care to take the risk of selling "short." They have had two or three admissions since harvest that have made them very cautious in their dealings, despite their loud talk. On Saturday the markets all showed some weakness, and a few points were lost from the highest range reached on Friday. Yesterday this market was irregular, and excited, finally closing firm at an advance over Saturday's closing prices. Chicago opened quiet, gradually improved, and closed firm and higher. No. 2 closed there at \$83@84c. No. 3 at \$83 and No. 2 spring at \$83@84c. Toledo was quiet, with No. 2 soft at \$84c. New York was firm and a shade higher. Liverpool quiet but steady and unchanged.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from September 21 to October 12:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
white, white, red, red.	91 1/2	87	87	87
Sept. 21.....	85 1/2	87	87	87
22.....	91 1/2	87	87	87
23.....	91 1/2	87	87	87
24.....	90 1/2	87	87	87
25.....	92 1/2	87	87	87
26.....	93	87	87	87
27.....	92 1/2	87	87	87
28.....	92 1/2	87	87	87
29.....	92 1/2	87	87	87
30.....	90 1/2	87	87	87
31.....	90 1/2	87	87	87
Oct. 1.....	91 1/2	87	87	87
2.....	91 1/2	87	87	87
3.....	91 1/2	87	87	87
4.....	90 1/2	87	87	87
5.....	91 1/2	87	87	87
6.....	91 1/2	87	87	87
7.....	91 1/2	87	87	87
8.....	93	87	87	87
9.....	93	87	87	87
10.....	92 1/2	87	87	87
11.....	92 1/2	87	87	87
12.....	93	87	87	87

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white futures each day of the past week for the various deals:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Tuesday.....	91 1/2	92 1/2	94
Wednesday.....	92	93	95
Thursday.....	93	94	96
Friday.....	94	95	96
Saturday.....	93 1/2	94 1/2	95 1/2
Monday.....	94	95	96

For No. 3 the closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Tuesday.....	94 1/2	95	96
Wednesday.....	95	96	97
Thursday.....	96	97	98
Friday.....	97	98	99
Saturday.....	95 1/2	96 1/2	97 1/2
Monday.....	96	97	98

That the present advanced rates will be maintained we are not prepared to say, as the gradual increase of the "visible supply" and the light demand for export are strong arguments in favor of lower prices. But the light receipts at the principal receiving points and the fully established fact that with even the present rate of exports maintained there will be no surplus stocks to draw upon long before the end of the crop year, keeps up prices in the face of all depressing influences, and may maintain them until there is a radical change in the position of the market. This change will begin when the "visible supply" is showing weekly reductions, and

farmers, having disposed of sufficient of their crops to meet present necessities, stop deliveries until better prices can be realized. That this state of affairs will obtain during the present crop year we fully believe, and when it does the "bear" element will take to the woods until a new crop puts heart into them again.

We know there is much talk of the great East Indian wheat crop, but it amounts to less than a bushel per head of the population. The crop is estimated at a little over 250 millions of bushels, and the population at 260 millions. The estimated home consumption, with average crops of rice and millet, the principal foods, is 200,000,000 to 210,000,000 bushels of wheat, seed included. These two crops, owing to flood and drought, are so deficient that famine is feared over a large area of India. In Upper Burma there is also a threatened famine. The largest export in any crop season from April 1 to March 21, from 1874 to 1884, was in the latter season, when 33,175,467 bushels of wheat were exported. This crop year the exports, it is estimated, will not be over half this amount, the grain being used in place of rice and millet. The United States must be the great reliance for all nations needing to import wheat the present crop year.

The foreign markets show firmness at slightly higher values. At Liverpool on Saturday there was a firm market, with Michigan white at 7s. 3d. per cental, red winter at 7s. 3d., and spring at 7s. 3d. Mark Lane was also firm and a shade higher.

## CORN AND OATS.

## CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 10,744 bu., against 37,757 bu. the previous week, and 32,618 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments on Oct. 3 were 18,670 bu. The visible supply in the country on Oct. 3 amounted to 6,192,493 bu. against 6,013,919 bu. the previous week, and 7,328,847 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 16,674 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 1,025,396 bu., against 688,106 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 5,586,881 bu., against 1,935,366 bu. for the corresponding period in 1884. The stocks now held in this city amount to 22,975 bu., against 32,475 bu. last week, and 5,987 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Corn is quiet but values are well maintained and somewhat higher than a week ago. The new crop is hardening rapidly under the present fine weather, and this has induced many to sell their old corn, and increased the receipts. But the demand for home consumption as well as export keeps stocks from accumulating and makes a steady market. Cash No. 2 corn is selling here at \$4@44c per bu., with no speculative trading. At Chicago prices are higher, the market showing some weakness at the close of the week under large prospective receipts. No. 2 sold there yesterday at \$4c for spot. In futures October delivery is quoted at 49c, and November at 40c. The Toledo market is steady with spot No. 2 at 45c. October delivery at 45c, and the year at 38c. The Liverpool market is firm and unchanged, and quoted at 4s. 7d. per cental for western mixed, 4s. 6d. for October delivery, and 4s. 5d. for November.

## OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 30,995 bu. against 47,249 bu. the previous week, and 32,618 bu. for the corresponding week in 1884. The shipments on Oct. 3 were 5,617,144 bu. against 5,818,057 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 34,725 bu., against 43,816 bu. the previous week, and 43,181 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply shows an increase of 87,889 bu. during the week. While the week closed with a weak feeling in oats, quotations are higher than at date of our last report. The demand keeps up well, in fact running ahead of the supply sometimes, and values are steady. No. 2 are quoted at 30c per bu. and No. 2 mixed at 28c. Light mixed would probably be worth 29c. The Chicago market is quiet, with No. 2 mixed at 25c for spot. By sample No. 2 white sold at 32c. No. 3 at 26@24c, No. 2 mixed at 26@27c, and No. 3 mixed at 23@24c per bu. The Toledo market is firm and unchanged, with spot No. 2 mixed at 27c, and November at 26c. The Toledo market is steady with spot No. 2 at 45c. October delivery at 45c, and the year at 38c. The Liverpool market is firm and unchanged, and quoted at 4s. 7d. per cental for western mixed, 4s. 6d. for October delivery, and 4s. 5d. for November.

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claim to the local system." A letter was received there, and was unanswered, off to the place.

Gibbs of Avon, but a fine boy, but the man to meet all was not Harry, who is dead and stolen.

Company at Saginaw, the Market, and 800 men had descended this season, feet, about 200, a.

of Flint Town, for a couple and a climb under a sharp limb which probably bled a little.

the damage is in the summer anticipated. The men were paid to provide extra C. providing an account to Chicago

secured the service to work on a dollar wages than to pay up good.

The men were paid, but when the men and the men try to play on pay and dollar are perpetrator ought

selected upon her

and Roman Catholic on the 10th.

by a bicycle at 9th, and finally

at San Francisco were buried

selected herself and others, last week.

has discovered a account of its

United States 23; last week,

which came in, is to cross the voyage.

ity of Evansville tobacco crop, expenses will be con-

tinued at Wappapello last week.

S. recently tried

are odd, because

of a young

were taken from

the firm of Meyer at Chicago last

only taken into

holders have just

them, payment

king car drivers

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sonal, tried to

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ngton, but the

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through the lines,

and seven

No family

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suit you, both

as to prices and

individuals, and

will see the

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to select from

from the in Michigan.

Among the lot

are several pure

to head any

herd in America. I have

Young Marys,

Young Phyllis,

Young Arabellas,

Young Rosas,

Young Dianas,

Young Elizabeths,

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## Poetry.

## THE OLD STORY.

Alas for the head with the crown of gold!  
The temper came as he came of old.  
Alas for the heart that was glad and light!  
Alas for the soul that was pure and white!  
Censure who may—condemn who must;  
It was perfect faith—it was utter trust.  
That asked her promise; nor pledge nor sign.  
He was hers—she was by law divine.  
He was lifted up; he was set apart;  
He filled her thought; he filled her heart;  
She called him great; she believed him true,  
As women will, as women do!  
Oh, to betray such tender trust!  
(God will repay, and He is just),  
Through wrong and ill she loves him still,  
As women do, as women will.  
Giving little and taking much,  
Fickle and false—there are many such—  
Selfish and cruel! you know the rest—  
He broke the heart that loved him best.

## TILL THEN, GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! I have to say good-night  
To such a host of needless things!  
Good-night with its weight of rings.  
Good-night to food, uplifted eyes.  
Good-night to the chestnut braids of hair,  
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,  
And all the sweetness sealed there!  
The snowy head deems me—then  
I'll have to say good-night again.  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

## Miscellaneous.

## SENTENCED TO SIBERIA.

I am a Lancashire man and I rose from the ranks. I began life much as other mill hands do; but my head was set the right way on my shoulders, and I got to be an overseer. Five and twenty years ago, when a great English firm, whose operations extend over many parts of Russia, started a cotton mill at Ekaterinburg, I was offered a post as manager. Ekaterinburg is, as I dare say you know, on the Siberian side of the Ural mountains, and in the heart of the Government mining districts. A man thinks twice before he transports himself and family to such a place, but I had made up my mind to get on, and this was a good chance to one in my position.

I was not disappointed. I looked after the mill, and it prospered. We north-country operatives are a thrifty folk, and like living in a plain way. I saved money; and as it was the policy of the firm to keep me in my post, and to give me a personal interest in the undertaking, I was allowed to invest my few hundreds of pounds in the mill.

These common-place particulars about my own affairs can have very little interest for you, sir. I only tell them because otherwise you would scarcely understand what has to follow.

One evening, late in our short Russian summer, when the long days were fast drawing in, we were in our family sitting room, I engaged with some of the mill accounts, and my wife with her sewing, when Lottie, our eldest daughter, rushed in, and without a word, fainted right away on the floor.

This did not more frighten my wife and myself than it surprised us, for Lottie was a sensible girl, and had never given away to any hysterical fancies before. We knew that it must have taken a good deal to upset her in that way, and as soon as we had contrived to bring her round, we made her tell us what had been the matter.

It seemed that she had been alone in her room, when, turning suddenly toward the window, she became aware of a face pressed closely against the glass and glaring at her. What the face was like she was unable to describe, but it appeared too ugly and horrible for a human being. If it could have been called that of a man or woman, she said, she should not have been so frightened.

I went out and looked round the house. Nothing was to be seen. We knew Lottie to be a sensible girl, but we were inclined to think that her fancy must have played her a trick for once.

After a time my wife left the room to see about our supper. My wife (she has been dead now this nine years) had as strong nerves as any woman that I ever knew—nothing ever seemed to knock her off her balance. Well, she came back in a minute or two, and beckoned me to the door. She was calm enough, but I could see by her face that something was wrong. She would not say what she had to say before the girl for fear of frightening her again. So she whispered to me outside, "Lottie must have been right, there's something about. When I opened the door of the *kadro* (the larder, that is) I heard something at the window. Whatever it may have been, it took alarm, and did not let me see it; but it has left marks on the lattice."

I followed her silently to the *kadro*. All was now quiet there. I examined the *fortochka*—as in Russia we call the little window of such a place. In summer time its glass casement was removed, and it was now only protected by a lattice of crossed strips of firwood. These strips were slightly displaced, as if some one had tried to force them out, and thus to gain an entrance. The *fortochka* was about large enough to have admitted the body of a man.

Nothing was to be seen by looking out; not though a reasonable amount of twilight still remained. It was only enough to show things with any distinctness in the open, and I had sheltered the back of our house by planting a number of young fir trees. I whispered to my wife that she should go back to Lottie, and that I would stay where I was for a

bit, and see whether the robber—if it was a robber—would come again.

It was scarcely to be called late, yet it was too late for any of our mill people to be about, as they were our only neighbors. My house, and one adjoining it (intended for another employee, but at that time unoccupied), stood partly within the high wooden fence which inclosed the mill, that is, their backs opened to the inclosure (the *dvor*, as we called it), while their fronts looked on a public thoroughfare. Thus our back premises were strictly private after the gates to the mill had been closed; and the person—if it was a person—who had got to the windows, must either have secreted himself within the *dvor*, or have gained access to it in some improper manner. Now, however, all was still as could be.

Down I sat, to watch, close by the door of the *kadro*. I chose a dark corner, and on one where, in the dusk, it would have been a hard master to see me, but I had a full view of the lattice. I waited till my patience was beginning to wear out, and then I fancied that I heard some slight sound outside under the *fortochka*. It was so slight that at first I was not sure whether it might not be merely fancy, but after a little pause I heard it again, louder and more distinctly. I sat still as a mouse, and kept a sharp lookout.

Slowly and gradually something raised itself before the opening. It was a head; but in the uncertain light I could not say whether it was a human head or that of some brute creature. Whichever it might be, I could see enough of it to know that it was such a wild, haggard, unearthly looking thing as I had never looked upon before. Any quantity of shaggy hair was hanging about it, and its only features to speak of seemed to be eyes. Eyes it had past all mistake. Never did I see anything like the way in which it glared at our good provision within. I have seen what a famished wolf looks like, and I should hardly think a famished wolf worth comparing with that creature. It was ravenous after what it saw. Up beside the head came two bunches of long claws, which writhed at the wooden lattice as if to tear it down. But they were too weak. The strips held fast. And then the thing fell to with its teeth to gnaw a way through.

While the creature was thus engaged, I contrived to slip quietly from my dark corner by the door, and catching up a big stick, went out at the back of the house. I stole round as noiselessly as I could toward the window. There were, as I said, young fir trees on that side of the house, so that with a little care, it was not difficult to approach the place unobserved. When I got to within a few yards, I saw that the man—for the creature was a man—was still hard at work, trying to force a way through.

I dropped my stick, and made a rush at him, and had him before he knew anything about it. He did not give up quietly. He struggled hard—desperately, I may say. But, bless you, he'd not the ghost of a chance with me. I am a tolerably strong man still, as men go, and I was younger then. I could have undertaken three such as he, and thought nothing of it. The poor wretch had no sort of condition about him—he was mere skin and bones—no muscle at all. He was nothing but a walking anatomy, with but a few rags by way of covering—and only a very few.

All that he gained by his struggles was a good shaking, for I gave him one that made every tooth in his head clatter; and then laid him flat on his back.

I had been long enough in the country to gain some knowledge of Russian. I could use it pretty freely to our mill people; and I must own that for terms in which to blackguard a set of lazy rascals, as most of those fellows are, Billingsgate isn't a patch on it. So I could make my prisoner understand me. "Now, then, my friend," I said to him, "you needn't take the trouble to show any more fight. You see it won't pay. So just get up, and march off with me to the *ouchatok*—the *ouchatok* being, as you perhaps know, equivalent to the police-station in English.

But instead of getting up, and doing as he was told, like a reasonable being, the creature contrived to wriggle itself upon its knees and to hold up its hands; while it begged of me in the name of the virgin and all the saints not to hand it over to the *politsia*. It would rather be killed outright, and was ready to be beaten as much as I pleased.

"My ragged friend," I said, "you are a queer chap! Why do you object to the police so strongly?"

The poor wretch made no direct answer, but only reiterated his entreaties that I would not give him up. I began to have some suspicion of the quality of my guest. "I am inclined to think," I said, "that you are neither more nor less than an escaped convict."

Instead of attempting to deny it, he only begged me to pity him as before.

Russian law is terribly hard on those who in any way assist in or conceal the escape of a convict. Of that I was aware. But though I am a big fellow to look at, and in some things can hold my own as well as any man, I have always been a poor, soft-hearted fool in others. I was beginning to feel downright sorry for that poor rascal—it was not so much his prayers that fetched me as his looks.

"Well," I said, "suppose I don't give you up, but let you go. What then?"

He would always remember me with gratitude. He would go on his way at once, and do no harm to my property. He was no thief. He had only entered this *dvor*—this yard—to hide himself; but the sight of food had overcome him; he was famishing, and he dared not beg.

He had walked, how far he could not tell, perhaps a thousand versts, and all the way he had not dared to ask for food scarcely to speak to a living soul. He was trying to reach his own village, perhaps a thousand versts further. If I would only set him free he would go on at once.

That was about the substance of the fellow's answer. His appearance seemed to bear out his statements, and I was inclined to believe him. "It's sheer nonsense," I said, "for you to talk of setting off for

a walk of a thousand versts, if I let you go. You might as well talk of flying. You have not the strength to walk ten. You would only fall by the roadside, you miserable scare-crow, and die in a ditch, I should be doing the kinder thing by you if I handed you over to the authorities. If I do let you go, I must give you something to eat first. Come with me."

The miserable wretch hardly believed that I really meant to feed him, and would have run away had he dared. I took him into the empty house, of which I had the key, and fetched him much food as I thought it safe for him to eat.

So there I was, to watch, close by the door of the *kadro*. I chose a dark corner, and on one where, in the dusk, it would have been a hard master to see me, but I had a full view of the lattice. I waited till my patience was beginning to wear out, and then I fancied that I heard some slight sound outside under the *fortochka*. It was so slight that at first I was not sure whether it might not be merely fancy, but after a little pause I heard it again, louder and more distinctly. I sat still as a mouse, and kept a sharp lookout.

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Feodor told me that his place of exile had been somewhere far up the country; and of the severities he had had to endure and of the tyranny of officials, he spoke bitterly. After making his escape, the privations and dangers he had undergone before reaching Ekaterinburg were such as I should not have believed from his words, had they not been verified by his appearance.

For a Russian, he appeared to me to be a not unintelligent fellow, and I pointed out to him the difficulties he would find in making his way to Ivanova—a distance of not less than twelve hundred versts from Ekaterinburg, as the crow flies; and as such a scoured, smoke-blackened, smashed-up copy of God's image I should never wish to see again. But he was still alive, and to the proposal to carry him straight to the hospital, I said, "No; take him into my house." So they took him in.

After we had got the fire quite under, and made all safe about the mill, I limped to the side of the bed where they had laid the poor fellow. He had come round a bit by that time. He tried to open his eyes, but it seemed to me that the fire and smoke had not left him much power of seeing with them. He spoke, however, more distinctly than might have been expected, and his first question was whether the mill was safe.

I told him that owing to his pluck it was. I was surprised to find that he recognized my voice, and still more when he named my name. "You do not know me," he said—and, indeed, it was not like myself that any one should know such a crushed and shapeless mass of cinder as he was.

"You do not know me—Feodor Stepanovitch. They caught me, and took me back. I knew you when you spoke to me on the street, but dared not answer, lest they should suspect you of having befriended me. I have escaped from them again, and am going home to Ivanova. I must see my wife, and that villain Makaroff."

I never expected to see him again, nor wished to do so; and I was somewhat startled when a few weeks later, among a gang of convicts which were being marched by a guard of soldiers out of town on their way eastward, I recognized Stepanovitch. I was standing close by when he passed, and was so much surprised to see him, that I somewhat imprudently, perhaps, spoke to him by name. But, will you believe it?—the ungrateful dog stared me in the face, and marched sullenly by without word or sign of recognition. "So much," thought I, "for gratitude!"

He lay a while, and then added: "I am glad I was here to help you to-night. I am glad they did not take me again before I got here. I do not think the *politsia* will take me again."

And they did not; for he was dead within an hour of that time.

That, sir, is the end of my story of a *Siberian*. Do you happen to have a light hand; for, somehow, I have let my pipe out? And, bless me, my pipe-bowl is quite wet. I believe I'm crying. What an old child I am!—London society.

Then I was going up myself. I offered twenty roubles—fifty roubles—to any man that would help me. But it was of no use.

Just when I was about to mount alone, the rugged stranger fellow, whom I had before observed working so vigorously, came running up. He had been too busy in another place to know what was going on sooner. That was scarcely a time for taking any particular notice of people's looks, yet I had an impression that he was not altogether stranger to me.

He looked up to the roof. The delay of those few minutes had given a fearful advantage to the fire. "There is death up there," he said; "is saving this mill so very important to you?"

"It is burned, I am a beggar. Every *kopec* I am worth is in it. A hundred roubles if you will help me save it!"

"We can talk of the reward afterward," he said as he sprang past me and up the ladder like a cat.

I was following, too eagerly, perhaps, to be careful, and I am a heavy man. A round broke, and down I came, with a knee so much twisted that I could scarcely stand. It was no longer in my power to climb to the roof.

But from where I propped myself against a wall, I could see that ragged fellow, who was in the dusk, and was a person of such distinction that no one would have dared to call him Billy Winkum. Mr. William Warrington Winkum was his designation; a finer coat, more watch and chain, or a larger diamond in his cravat were owned by no one in Billingsgate.

He had never married, but that had made him all the more desirable to Billingsgate society. He had met Jane very often there, and now Jane would very willingly have proved to him that he decisive. No of fifteen years ago had been reported.

Alas! either Mr. William Warrington Winkum no longer grieved over that No, or he regarded it as final.

"And yet he hasn't married," said Miss Jane; "and he don't flirt 'round amongst the young girls, nor pay attention to widows. I have not a gray hair. He is five years older than I am, anyway. Suppose he should like me still?"

However, concealment did not seem to prey on him as he had done to go on. The gypsy had done this as she departed. Another scream was heard. William rushed into the inner room and found Jane with her head tied up in a black silk handkerchief, and her feet and hands bound.

In a moment he had her untied. The next she sat in her chair. "Such a sight!" she said to herself; but Mr. William Warrington Winkum noticed that she had nice plump arms under her tucked up sleeves, and that her big frightened eyes were blue indeed. Happily she had not shed a tear.

"I've been tied here for I don't know how long, Mr. Winkum," she said. "Oh, how thankful I am you came by! I have been robbed of everything I have—my silver, my money, my jewelry. What I shall do I don't know."

"Unprotected woman," said Mr. Winkum seriously, "ought not reside in any house alone."

"Sometimes," said Jane, "she can't tell it." It was so singular, in that old calico, with such shoes and no black braid—for that was hanging over the bureau glass upstairs—Miss Jane could never half be seen at all. It simply looks like a small spot. The bouquet, when you look at it through the instrument, contains, you can discover, eighty-two distinct flowers. The representation, when looked at with the naked eye, can scarcely be seen at all. It simply looks like a small spot.

The entire bouquet, including all the flowers, etc., was made from the scales and hair of Brazilian butterflies. The dust from the wings of the butterflies was picked up and placed in position by Henry Dalton, of London, who is now dead. Dalton, with the aid of a microscope, picked up one particle of the dust at a time on the end of a hair, and adjusted it to the slide in such a manner that when this task was finished the bouquet assumed its present beautiful and perfect form.

"I'm glad Billy had sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding. "Gals is so hity-tity, and widders is so kinder over-rulin' and unstein". Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please."

But Jane was too happy to be offended by anything any woman could say.

"Oh, Billy, I was such a goose fifteen years ago."

"I've been tied here for I don't know how long, Mr. Winkum," she said. "I've always liked you, and I sorta think after all, you've always liked me. Have me, won't you?"

"Not even my back braid on" thought Jane Beagle afterwards. But all she said was:

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"I'm glad Dalton was dissipated, he excelled most of his imitators in this peculiar line of art. Among microscopists his works are prized as highly as the works of the great masters in painting are valued by artists who work on canvas. A painter who can paint a complete scene in a surface as small as a sleeve-button is considered skillful, yet Dalton used a single hair for a brush and deals with particles of matter scarcely visible to the naked eye, which he placed in their respective positions with the aid of his microscope, with such accuracy that he finally produced his representations, which are so correct in every detail that artists who have examined them critically have been almost overcome with astonishment. This is what I call one of the wonderful achievements of the century."

"He was a fast worker, and by laboring almost incessantly, he could finish it, I think, in the course of a week or ten days. The Dalton slides are very valuable in America. There are not more than fifty Dalton slides in this country, and they are scarcely to be purchased for love or money. In fact, as I said before, they are as highly prized by microscopists throughout the world as a rare painting by a celebrated master is prized. I have also one or two other slides executed by artists not so noted as Dalton. Gray's Elegy, containing thirty-two verses, has

## THE TENDER HEART.

She gazed upon the burned brace of plum ruffed grouse showed with pride; "How could you do it, dear?" she sighed. "The poor, pathetic, moveless wings! The song all hush—oh, cradle shame!" said he, "The partridge never sings." she said, "The sun is quite the same." "You men are always bringing in some string of bird's eggs, white or blue, or butterfly upon a pin. The single worm in anguish dies, impaled the pretty trout to tease—" "My own, we shall for trout with lines," "Don't wander from the question please!" she quoted Burton's "Wounded Asra," and recited lines of Blake's, and Ruskin on the fowls of air, and Coleridge on the water-nymphs. At Emerson's, "Forlorn" he began to feel his will benumbed; At Browning's "Donald" utterly his soul surrendered and succumbed. "Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls," he thought, "beneath the blessed sun!" He saw her laugh a hung with petals. And swore to love her always. She smiled to find her sweet point was gained, and with happy panting words (she subsequently ascertained), To her hat with humming birds. —H. Gray Cone, in the Century.

A St. Louis Belle in the Adirondacks. A St. Louis lady, Miss Florence H. Ward, "camped out" in the Adirondacks this summer and thus describes an experience in the timber:

"Another lake with another little steamer having a long name and a big whale, like a little man with a large voice; a row of two miles, and here we are on the most beautiful lake of its size in all the Adirondacks region, the Raquette. A forest should consist of not too many trees, upright and flourishing, like prosperous church members; they should stand at polite distances from each other, and the ground under them should be covered with grass, short, weedless and generally well behaved. Here is no grass at all; only pine needles and toadstool and ferns; above them rises a vagrant and rowdy crowd of bushes and shrubs, and above these again, trees and trees and trees, all of them crowding and jostling against one another and trying to choke each other off and beat each other down and kill each other off, so that they themselves can get up to where the sun is shining.

"But this jungle is not without its virtues, I perceive. It has neither briars, snakes nor ticks, for which last, oh! be specially joyful. One may avoid, thorns and kill snakes, but the tick is as unfightable as the opium habit or an old scandal revived. In his stead I find only that amusing little beast, the measuring worm. He moves along by getting down on his stomach and kicking himself under the chin, and though he does this twice every second it never fails to astonish to that extent that every half minute he rears himself into an exclamation point over his own really remarkable proceeding, or into an interrogation point as to what he did for it.

"I am sitting against the stump of a tree as I make these observations, and on looking up, see a shaggy fat dog regarding me attentively. He looks amiable enough, and I put out my hand and pucker up my lips to call him up. This dog is unlike other dogs, I notice; his shoulders are low, he has thick legs, and walks very flat on a great deal of foot and—it's a bear! I give one screech and dash off, the bear following suit, but in an opposite direction, and a moment later when I look over my shoulder to see how many seconds more I have to live I see nothing but a vanishing communion in the bushes. It is evidently the worst scared bear on record.

"I think I will go back to camp—which way is it? This way—no this—is it over this way? I don't know, I haven't an idea—yes I have a terrible one—I'm lost in the woods. I listen hard for any sound of people. I listen until my ears ring with the silence; I am afraid to go forward or back or any way for fear each step will take me further from the right way. Oh my! I wish I were back in the city roasting alive instead of here, lost and—what's that? A low, long, terrible noise rises near me. It's a wild beast. I know it is, it is coming this way and it won't run away like the bear, it will pounce on me. If I could only climb a tree! But maybe it can climb, too, it sounds like it might be a wild cat. Oh—here it is again!—and I recognize our dinner horn blown by some one that doesn't know how. Nothing but a tin horn! and I collapse and do a little hysterical weep over the idea of a tin horn putting me up a tree and devouring me, bones, buttons and all.

"Eventually I find my way back to camp—I have been within calling distance of it all this time—where the guides have already made an open camp, built a fire, and cooked dinner. We have fish and onions, and we eat them together off of tin plates with steel forks and black-handled knives. It is delicious. So commences our camp life."

## The Agreeable Guest.

We often hear and read of the duties of a hostess to her guests, but there are duties, too, of which the latter are not to be neglectful. It is a pleasant thing to feel that the guest chamber has been prepared for us, that a fire has been warming our appointed apartment for hours, that busy fingers have filled the vases on mantel and toilet table with the sweetest flowers that could be procured. It is a pleasant thing to be welcomed by a genial host and smiling hostess accompanied by sons and daughters all eager to vie with each other in hospitality and friendliness. To be met with cordiality, to be treated with deference, to be praised and honored, to find oneself the object of universal attention, is truly to be in an alluring and flattering position. If, however, our hosts lavish kindness and courtesies upon us, we must be careful that we return to them due acquiescence and politeness. If it be their part to gratify, it is no less ours to oblige.

The agreeable guest is always ready to accede to any proposal for her delectation.

she will remain in doors, at the suggestion of her entertainers. She will not be clamorous for any special form of amusement. Her role will be to respond warmly, but she will never be the first to determine an occupation; she will agree; she will not prompt. Yet, if pressed to choose, she will know her own mind, and will easily indicate the employment she prefers. However long her visit, she never ceases to be a guest, and does not constitute herself a daughter of the house. She is ever ready to lend assistance when it is required, but she will refrain from putting herself forward, and from doing every day what she may have been called upon by chance to do once.

The agreeable guest, while exacting no tedious formalities, and taking umbrage at no fancied neglect or trifling omission, will permit herself to be waited upon, and will accept every mark of distinction in the consciousness that her entertainers delight in playing her numberless small but pretty attentions. The young lady who draws back when her hostess intimates that she should proceed, who hastens to change her own luncheon plate, or who utters extravagant thanks for the gift of a postal card or the lighting of a candle, proves herself underbred, and may lay herself open to the suspicion of insincerity. Good breeding accepts such homage as a matter of course, and though not forgetting to be gracious, indulges in no absurd and excessive gratitude.

In short, a guest should be amiable and obliging, but neither officious nor obsequious. She should be compliant, but not dull; brightly, but not interfering. "A gracious woman retaineth honor," but "as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman who is without discretion." Home affection may overlook indiscretion and ungraciousness, but strangers are prone to be more critical and less indulgent.

—The Interior.

## What an Oregon Senator Thinks of Alaska.

Senator Delph of Oregon, who has recently visited Alaska, is at New York, and in a talk with a representative of the Tribune about the territory, said:

"I was more impressed with the voyage than with the country itself. The trip was a delightful one, indeed. Persons who had travelled extensively in Europe expressed the opinion that it was one of the most picturesque and enjoyable trips in the world. The journey is made by ocean steamship from Portland. The steamer makes one trip every month. By taking the Northern Pacific railroad to Puget sound, that is from Portland to Port Townsend, one avoids an ocean voyage, as he can take the steamer there, and its route thereafter is entirely by inland channels, except crossing Queen Charlotte Sound, the passage of which is only about three hours long. It is only Southern Alaska that is visited by tourists. The scenery is grand throughout the entire voyage. Mountains frequently rise abruptly from the water's edge, covered with timber and verdure to their summits. Not the least interesting of sights are the glaciers. The steamer during the summer usually goes into Glacier Bay, at the head of which five large glaciers reach down to the water, continually throwing off icebergs.

My impressions of the value of Alaska are unlike other dogs, I notice; his shoulders are low, he has thick legs, and walks very flat on a great deal of foot and—it's a bear! I give one screech and dash off, the bear following suit, but in an opposite direction, and a moment later when I look over my shoulder to see how many seconds more I have to live I see nothing but a vanishing communion in the bushes. It is evidently the worst scared bear on record.

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## Ganja and Hashish.

A ganja-eater, remarks the London Telegraph, is a criminal of which we have happily no counterpart in this country. Her role will be to respond warmly, but she will never be the first to determine an occupation; she will agree; she will not prompt. Yet, if pressed to choose, she will know her own mind, and will easily indicate the employment she prefers. However long her visit, she never ceases to be a guest, and does not constitute herself a daughter of the house. She is ever ready to lend assistance when it is required, but she will refrain from putting herself forward, and from doing every day what she may have been called upon by chance to do once.

The agreeable guest, while exacting no tedious formalities, and taking umbrage at no fancied neglect or trifling omission, will permit herself to be waited upon, and will accept every mark of distinction in the consciousness that her entertainers delight in playing her numberless small but pretty attentions. The young lady who draws back when her hostess intimates that she should proceed, who hastens to change her own luncheon plate, or who utters extravagant thanks for the gift of a postal card or the lighting of a candle, proves herself underbred, and may lay herself open to the suspicion of insincerity. Good breeding accepts such homage as a matter of course, and though not forgetting to be gracious, indulges in no absurd and excessive gratitude.

—The Interior.

## VARIETIES.

BRAVIR of stature in Gen. Phil Sheridan, by the way, is caused by his legs alone, for he is about as big as Gen. Sherman from the hips up. I saw them sitting side by side on a hotel veranda at Manhattan Beach, and their heads were on a level. The gallant Turk is not sensible of the subject. A girl came for his and Sherman's autographs in her album, and the Generals wrote their names. She was not content, for she had put her heart on a verse of "Sheridan's Ride" in his own handwriting. This he declined to grant. Then she began to question him about that famous piece of equestrianism. His answers were polite, but not revelatory.

"Now, Gen. Sherman," she at length asked turning in pretty desperation to him, "what do you imagine Gen. Sheridan said on mounting his steed?"

"Well, I really don't know," was the response, with a quizzical glance down at the legs of his fellow officer, who had just got out of a chair, "but maybe he said to his orderly, 'Shorten these stirrup straps.'"

WHERE HE SPENT THE SUMMER.—On the cars nowadays everybody asks everybody else where he spent his vacation. On an eastbound Lake Shore train the other day a tough looking customer reluctantly gave up half his seat to a nice looking elderly gentleman. Notwithstanding his apparent fastidiousness the elderly man was inclined to be agreeable, and so he asked his companion where he had been summering.

"Oh, down about New York," replied the tough passenger.

"Been there long?"

"About three months."

"All the time at one place?"

"Yes, at the Island."

"Coney?"

"No, Blackwell's."

In another minute the face of the tough passenger wore a look of triumph. He had the seat all to himself.

A LUCKY INVALID.—The New York doctors charge a great deal more than do the Texas doctors. Col. Sumpter McBride Sumpter, of Austin, who was quite ill during his recent visit to New York, is our authority for the assertion.

He was in bed three or four days at his hotel, and when the bill was presented he took a piece of paper and a pencil and figured out how much more he had to pay in New York than he would have had to pay in Texas for the same amount of indisposition. Having got through his calculation, he folded his hands resignedly and said:

"I am lucky in being sick here in New York instead of in Texas."

"Ah!" said the doctor.

"Yes," responded Sumpter, "for all this money I'll have to pay you, I'd have to be sick in Texas for more than two months."—Texas Siftings.

A BETTER PARTNER THAN CLERK.—There is a story in circulation that Fred Reutle, of Coopersburg, is again to have a partner. It is to this effect: A young fellow from New Lisbon applied last week for a situation as clerk, and the veteran took him in hand for examination as to his qualifications. Throwing down a lot of stockings upon the counter, he said to the candidate: "Now, suppose a pretty young lady should come in and ask for hose, and commence to turn over the lot before you, what would you say to her?" "I should say: 'Miss, if your foot is small in proportion to your hand I doubt whether we shall be able to fit you out of this assortment!'" Fred, in astonishment and admiration: "Young man, I want you as a partner, and not as a clerk, if you have a moderate capital!"—Utica Observer.

To rebuke politely requires both a good spirit and a sharp intellect. Those who are continually thrusting unasked advice upon persons about their private affairs deserve rebuke. Not far from New York lies a fine estate, occupied by an old gentleman. Said an officious neighbor: "Mr. ——, why don't you tear that old house down and put up something handsome?" The old gentleman merely looked at him and said: "This place is not for sale!"—an effective and polite way of saying, "Please mind your own business."

How the Turk Played Chess.

In 1769, when at Vienna on official business, Baron von Klemperer, during his intervals of leisure, constructed the mechanical chess-player which was destined to render him famous. The automaton consisted of a chest or box upon which was seated the figure of a Turk. The chest was 34 feet long, 2 feet broad, and 24 feet high, placed on casters, which enabled the exhibitor to move it occasionally from one part of an apartment to another. The object of this arrangement was to show the spectators that the chess-player was not to be deceived by the appearance of the chess-board communicated with the chest. The left arm of the Turk was hollow, and through it a wire ran which communicated with the interior of the chest, where by means of a lever the operator concealed within it was enabled to give every desired motion to the arm, hand, and figure.

The chess-player was divided into compartments above and a drawer beneath. In the smaller of the two compartments, occupying about the third of the longitudinal dimensions of the chest, were placed a number of pieces of brass, made very thin, and designed only for the purpose of misleading the spectators, for they were no part of the machinery by which the moves of the game were effected.

The other compartments were also similar pieces of brass, representing quadrants and other philosophical instruments, intended, as in the previous instance, to give the impression that they conducted to the working of the automaton. The two compartments communicated with each other by means of a sliding panel, but so carefully was it contrived that the partition had the appearance of being immovable. The drawer which, when drawn out seemed to be the entire horizontal dimensions of the chest, was deceptive, as it was so constructed that it could not be pressed back more than a foot and a half, while by a species of telescopic arrangement of the sides of the drawer it had when pulled out the appearance of being quite two and a half feet in depth. Behind this movable back of the drawer there was consequently an unoccupied space left which extended the whole length of the chest and was more than a foot in breadth. At the commencement of the exhibition, on every occasion, the operator of the automaton sat behind the mock machinery of the smaller of the two upper compartments of the chest, his legs occupying the hidden portion of the drawer. Then the front doors of both apartments were opened at the same time, a lighted candle was placed in the larger one, so that it could be distinctly seen that the space not occupied by the quadrants and other instruments was vacant. Another candle was placed, not in, but in front of, the other apartment, which was completely filled with machinery. Next, after closing the doors, the exhibitor turned the automaton round so as to show the back of the chest to the spectators. While this was being done the concealed operator moved into the large compartment, closing after him the small compartment. In this position he remained until the back door of the small compartment had been opened and shut again. Thus by these ingenious contrivances the spectators were led to believe that it was

WILLIAM.—"Johnny, did you put water in the milk this morning?"

"New Assistant." "Yes, sir."

"Don't you know that is wicked, Johnny?"

"But you told me to mix water with the milk."

"Yes, but I told you to put the water in first and pour the milk into it. Then, you see, we can tell people we never put water in our milk."

WHERE THE FAULT WAS.—A tired Irishman en route from Coney Island made several attempts to secure a comfortable seat on the revolving shaft of the boat, but the small amount of success he met with was discouraging.

"Bogorra," he said, as he picked himself up from the floor for the fifth time. "Oi can't stand up! Oi can't sit down. To the devil with Coney Island whisky!"

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A QUEER STORY COMES FROM WALES: A young man and a girl met in a little town to be married by the registrar. Being late the girl urged the youth to "make haste." He stopped short, declaring she was becoming "his missus" too soon, and in spite of entreaty he went to a hotel where he spent the day, and then went home with his father at night. The girl had a fortunate escape.

A lady of charitable disposition asked a tramp if she could not assist him by mending his clothes. "Yes, madam," he replied, "I have a button, and if you would sew a shirt to it you will greatly oblige me."

THE AGREEABLE GUEST.

We often hear and read of the duties of a hostess to her guests, but there are duties, too, of which the latter are not to be neglectful. It is a pleasant thing to feel that the guest chamber has been prepared for us, that a fire has been warming our appointed apartment for hours, that busy fingers have filled the vases on mantel and toilet table with the sweetest flowers that could be procured. It is a pleasant thing to be welcomed by a genial host and smiling hostess accompanied by sons and daughters all eager to vie with each other in hospitality and friendliness. To be met with cordiality, to be treated with deference, to be praised and honored, to find oneself the object of universal attention, is truly to be in an alluring and flattering position. If, however, our hosts lavish kindness and courtesies upon us, we must be careful that we return to them due acquiescence and politeness. If it be their part to gratify, it is no less ours to oblige.

The agreeable guest is always ready to accede to any proposal for her delectation.

## CHAR.

What is the waist of time?—The middle of an hour-glass.

What is the board of education?—The schoolmaster's shingle.

There is no disease so dangerous as the want of common sense.

A negro minstrel wants to float successfully through life on cork.

A yacht can stand on a tack with a good deal more equanimity than a man can.

